

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Canadian Clippings

TORONTO TIDINGS.

Miss Mabel Bremner, of Montreal, was visiting here for a week, and talking in our big fair. She was accompanied by her hearing sister and a friend.

Mr. and Mrs. Neil A. McGillivray were out to the former's old home near Purpleville, over a recent week-end and, had a fine time.

Mr. George Frederick King and Miss Corinna Prevost, both of Montreal, both former pupils of the School for the Deaf of that city, were married on August 11th, by Monsignor L'Abbe B. Poirier. The happy couple spent part of their honeymoon in this city.

Mrs. Robert King, of Frankford, was up visiting her parents here over Labor Day.

Mr. Ross McIntyre returned to his home in Stratford, September 12th, after a week's visit with friends here and taking the Canadian National Exhibition.

Mr. John Brown was able to leave the hospital on September 11th, and return to his sister's, Mrs. Geo. Elliot, at Long Branch, after a six weeks' lay-up in the hospital.

After a week's sojourn at the latter's old home in Orangeville, Mr. and Mrs. George Bridgeford called on friends here, while on their way home to Dundas.

Mrs. James Braven, of Brantford, returned home on September 13th, after a week's visit with her sister, Mrs. George Van Valin.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Lindsay, son, daughter and two friends, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pugsley recently.

Miss Florence Harris was away visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Geo. Awford, in Simcoe, over the Labor Day holidays and reported a great time.

Mr. Thomas Brougham, of the Ottawa Post Office Department, was up for a week early in September, visiting at the home of Miss Marion Powell, in this city, and at Jackson's Point.

Mr. David Lawrence and a bunch of friends enjoyed a very pleasant sail across the lake to Niagara Falls on August 28th.

Mrs. Alex. B. McCaul and daughter have returned from a lengthy holiday with her mother in Chesley.

Glad to meet Miss Nellie Patrick, of Lindsay, who spent a week here with relatives during the exhibition.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. August A. Staubitz, of Buffalo, who were married on August 19th, spent part of their honeymoon in this city with Mr. and Mrs. William C. Mackay.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Baskerville hied away and enjoyed the Labor Day stretch with the former's parents in Aurora.

Miss Mabel Ford, of La Salle, N. Y. was in the city for over a week, visiting relatives during the fair, and causing friend Ewart to smile beyond the ordinary.

Mr. Herbert Fountain, of Peterboro, spent his two weeks' vacation at exhibition time visiting relatives here, and his old schoolmates were pleased to see him again. He left Belleville School fifteen years ago, and has a steady job with the Peterboro Canoe Company.

Miss Lena Doubledee, of Wroxeater, was in the city lately holidaying with her old schoolmates, Mrs. W. W. Scott and Mrs. Silas Baskerville.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Scott spent the week-end of August 21st with the latter's brother, Mr. Gordon Heaslip, at Niagara Falls, N. Y., and before returning stole away to Wellandport and gave Mrs. Scott's parents a surprise call.

There was a joint meeting of the Board of our church on September 13th.

Miss Alma Brown, of Orangeville, was a welcome visitor here on September 12th.

Mr. John Baker, who left here some months ago and accepted a position in Detroit, was down in our midst for a week during the fair.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Thomas, of Oakville, were in our midst over Sunday, September 12th, and were the recipients of many congratu-

tulatory messages, for it was the twenty-sixth anniversary of their wedding. This venerable couple are very popular and still enjoying the best of health. May they enjoy many more years of married bliss. Mrs. Thomas' oldest sister, Gussie, a widow, is now their guest.

Miss Edna Eggington was on the hunt for the reporter the other day, with the request that he send in her subscription to the good old JOURNAL. Thus another joins the long and growing list of Canadian readers.

Mr. Howard J. Lloyd, of Brantford, motored down on September 10th, and went to the exhibition.

Mr. John T. Shilton, who went up to Palgrave to conduct the meeting there on September 12th, was conveyed to and from by the caretaker of our church in his motorcycle, but it was not as rosy as might be pictured. A few nasty spills over the muddy roads reminded them of the hickety-hackety go-cart in our grandfather's day.

There was a mingling of joy and sorrow at the Union Station, on September 15th, as the pupils left for the Belleville School.

AURORA ANECDOTES

While down taking in the Toronto National Exhibition, Miss Annie Gillies, of Dutton, and Mrs. W. Forbes, of far-away Ireland, came up and spent a few days with their relatives, the H. McKenzie family.

Mr. and Mrs. Aundry Corbieri and brother motored up from St. Catharines, and spent the Labor Day holidays with their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Eli Corbieri.

The Rev. Asa Rogers, of Codrington, was up to see his nephew, Mr. Herbert McKenzie, over Labor Day. Mr. and Mrs. Silas Baskerville, of Toronto, were up here for the Labor Day holidays, as guests of the former's parents.

We were delighted with a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Sam Averall, who motored down from Cookstown, and spent the Labor Day holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert McKenzie.

Mr. Howard and Walter Rittenmeir, of Windsor, were recent week-end guests of the McKenzie family.

WALKERVILLE WHISTLES.

Miss Helen A. Middleton, of Horning Mills, was a guest of the Braithwaite family recently. She was much feted during her stay.

On their return trip from Toronto lately, Mr. John E. Crough and family had an exciting time, owing to their car breaking down, but they got home safely after all.

Mr. John A. Braithwaite has found the JOURNAL so interesting that he has become a subscriber.

Miss Jean Wedderburn, of Toronto, has been visiting her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Crough.

Mr. and Mrs. William Riberdy and Mrs. Cas. Sadows, of Detroit, were recent visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Braithwaite.

GENERAL GLEANINGS

Miss Mary Bull, formerly on the Belleville teaching staff, who was living in Bloomingdale for some years past, is now a resident of Taviestock.

We deeply regret to learn of the terrible accident that befell the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Emil Gottlieb in Detroit lately, but are glad he is now improving.

The writer has been receiving many complimentary messages regarding the value of the JOURNAL, but an enthusiastic reader in the country has this to say: "We could hardly live without the JOURNAL."

Miss Doris Davis, of St. John's, Que., spent Labor Day with friends in Montreal. Her mother, who had been visiting relatives at Hudson Falls, Vermont, for some time, returned home with her husband about the same time.

Mrs. N. D. O'Neil, of Long Branch, and her two children were away for a couple of weeks visiting Mr. and Mrs. Robert Conley in Syracuse, N. Y., being joined by Mr. O'Neil on September 3d. Next day the Conleys took their guests to Rochester to a picnic and banquet of the deaf of that city on September 4th. The O'Neils returned home on Labor Day, much pleased with their outing.

HE SMILES NO MORE.

How cutting are the pangs of sorrow, especially when death severs the bonds of parental love. Such is this life and such must all endure.

On Tuesday afternoon, September 7th last, the Silent Reaper—The Sentinel of the Ages—came to the hitherto peaceful home of Mr. and Mrs. Jontie Henderson in Sarnia, and snatched from their bosom, their loving son and only child, Gordon, and left in its wake a wide path of sorrow and desolation. In that home a heart-broken father and mother were prostrated with grief. In that home, where but yesterday Gordon was the sunshine and life of the place, nothing but despair and gloom now reigneth. He smiles no more, for the angels have taken him to His bosom. Does not this verify the saying of our Saviour, "I am the Way."—John 14:6.

Great was the shock and widespread was the sorrow when it was broadcasted that this popular and ever-smiling young man was with us no more. Robert Gordon Henderson, only son and child of Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Henderson, was working downtown on that fateful afternoon when he was seized with an attack of heart failure at 3:30, and though three doctors were at his side immediately, doing everything possible to save his life, he fell over at once and was gone. The deceased was born in Delaware, Ont., and was 19 years, 9 months old. Afterwards his parents lived on a farm at Talbotville for a number of years. Seven years ago they sold out and moved to Sarnia, where the deceased's father entered the employ of the Goodison Manufacturing Company.

Gordon was born deaf, and was educated at the Belleville School for the Deaf, the same school his parents attended in days gone by. He graduated three years ago. When he was three years old, he suffered a severe attack of pneumonia, followed by another three years later. And as a result was subject to heart weakness. The last year or two, he seemed much stronger, but had never worked until this year, when he secured a job with his father at the Goodison's. Of a genial, smiling disposition, and frugal boyish habit, he had endeared himself to a legion of friends everywhere, who were profoundly shocked when they heard of his sudden death, and no sooner had the melancholy news been sent out, than the Henderson home at 315 College Avenue North, Sarnia, was deluged with telegrams, telephone messages, letters and personal calls from sympathizing friends throughout the land. The funeral on September 9th, at Lakeview Cemetery, was very largely attended, the following acting as pall bearers: Messrs. Stewart McKenzie, Harvey Spencer, Edward Murray, Stewart Hitchcock, Ford Lucas and George Aubin. The Rev. John R. Hall conducted the service, and for the benefit of the parents and other Deaf present, the ever obliging Mr. John F. Fisher of London acted as interpreter. The floral offerings were very numerous and beautiful. Those who attended from afar were Mr. and Mrs. John Fisher and son of London, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Henderson of Galbottville, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Whistle of St. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Leich of St. Clair, Mich., Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Leich of Detroit, Mrs. Culver Bowlby of Simcoe, and Mrs. A. W. Newson of Hamilton. The bereaved parents have the deepest sympathy of all. Strange it is but true, that when Mr. H. W. Roberts of Toronto was speaking of how sooner or later we will be called away, Gordon smilingly said "He might call me soon." Only a few months ago another young deaf Sarnia boy died, in the person of Mr. Frank Jennings, and now our blessed Saviour beckons our much lamented friend, Robert Gordon Henderson, to cross the Great Divide and join his pal in that land of eternal beauty, sunshine and song.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL—\$2.00 a year.

PHILADELPHIA

The attention of the Philadelphia deaf of the Episcopal faith, and of others interested is called to the change of the time of service at All Souls' Church for the Deaf, as follows:

Beginning next Sunday, September 26th, the afternoon service at 3:15 o'clock will be resumed and continued throughout the Fall, Winter, and Spring as heretofore. There will be no morning service except on the third Sunday of each month, which will be the time of the regular Communion Service as before.

Members and friends of the Church are requested to convey this information to their deaf neighbors in order that as many as possible will be informed of the change.

We would also remind our readers that on this Sunday (September 26th) Daylight Time will end, and there will be a return to good, old Standard time. This means that you can sleep one hour longer on this Sunday morning and attend Church one hour later than during Daylight Time.

On September 27th, Reverends Smielau and Smaltz expect to hie to some rivers and mountains of Vermont, to be free from cares for a week or so.

The next Donation Day for the Home for Blind Aged and Infirm Deaf will be on Saturday, October 16th, next. The Board of Managers of the P. S. A. D. will hold its adjourned meeting at the Home at the same time. The Philadelphia Local Branch will arrange a "bus" trip to the Home on that day for all who wish to go there, but tickets must be procured in advance in order that a sufficient number of busses may be engaged on the day the trips is to be made, hence it can readily be seen why it is necessary to get tickets in advance. At the recent Mt. Airy convention such a trip was made in two overcrowded busses and a number of last-minute applicants had to be turned away, because it was too late to engage an extra bus. So, now, if you would not be disappointed, act early.

The busses will load at All Souls' Church for the Deaf and leave from there at 2 p.m., and return there again after the trip. Remember the day and time.

The Philadelphia Local Branch, P. S. A. D., held its annual meeting at All Souls' Hall on Saturday evening, September 18th. The following officers were elected for the current year: President, Joseph V. Donohue; Vice-President, Mrs. Jennie Dunner; Secretary, Mrs. A. S. McGhee; and Treasurer, Harry F. Smith. A pleasant time followed the meeting, during which eats were procured at a nominal price.

An excellent record was made at the convention of the P. S. A. D. at Mt. Airy last August. After paying all expenses, the Society was left a clear profit of \$500.78. The Board of Managers will decide at its coming meeting what disposition to make of this goodly sum. In the past, most of the money earned by the Society that could be spared was turned over to the Home, but there seems to be a disposition now to set up a Contingent Fund or something like it, in order to be able to meet future pressing obligations of the Society as they occur. Of course, the funds of this special fund can not include such funds which may be contributed expressly to the Home by a local branch or any donor. It will be composed of the free money of the Society, which it has a right to dispose of as it shall see fit. But even then the Society, under its present laws, is bound to maintain the Home, and that is its paramount duty.

We have long since advocated the creation of a Contingent Fund, as a reference to our past addresses as President of the Society will show, and the Board of Managers finally voted to create one, but year in and year out there was hardly any money to lay aside after discharging its duty to the Home, so that the fund has not been started yet. However the Society several years ago took out Building and Loan Association Stock and is still paying

for it, with the idea that it will ultimately form the Contingent Fund. Let us hope for the day when the Society can both maintain the Home and a contingent fund for its own needs.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Gilbert, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Mr. and Mrs. Wm F. Durian were recent visitors to Philadelphia, according to report.

Mr. W. Lacey Waters, of Santa Barbara, Cal., is visiting in Philadelphia.

Mr. Wm. H. Eakins, of Reading, Pa., has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. Troup, here since August 4th. Although eighty years old, he has visited the Sesqui four times. He expects to return home on Tuesday of this week.

Mrs. Annie Faust, of Girardville, Pa., who came here early in August to attend the convention at Mt. Airy and afterwards visited her daughter, returned home recently.

Within the past few weeks, Philadelphia has had several very pleasant gatherings. Perhaps one of the largest and most enjoyable was the birthday party, tendered to Mrs. Margaret J. Syle, on the occasion of her seventy-third natal day, by Mrs. Nancy Moore and her press agent, Miss Mabel Wilson, of Toronto, Canada. Those who were honored by invitations to the affair were: Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rothmund, Mr. and Mrs. James S. Reider, Mrs. Thomas Breen, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Rodgers, Miss Dora Kintzel, Miss G. M. Downey, Mr. John Roach, Mr. and Mrs. Sanders, Mrs. Haight, of New York, and Mr. and Mrs. Selter, Mrs. Forbes and Mrs. Lee, of California and of Washington, D. C., respectively.

The two last named are nieces of the late Rev. H. W. Syle and are direct descendants of George Washington, our first President.

They are extremely pleasant people and made a host of friends among the deaf while here visiting Mrs. Syle.

Mrs. Syle received not only the congratulations of her guests, but some very handsome gifts. After elegant refreshments, speech making was in order. Miss Downey was the first speaker and paid a beautiful tribute to Mrs. Syle's long and faithful work for and among the deaf.

She was followed by Mr. John Roach who told of his first meeting with Mrs. Syle many, many years ago. The last speaker was Mr. G. T. Sanders, who lauded Mrs. Syle's devotion to the church which her husband founded and which she more than anyone else has labored to beautify. Mr. Sanders spoke of Rev. Mr. Syle's unselfish devotion to the church.

Mrs. Frank John and her daughter, Frances, of this city, are spending three weeks visiting sisters and brothers and Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Markel, of Tower City, Pa. They also spent two days with Mr. and Mrs. William H. Peck, of Joliet, Pa.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Weston, of Gibbstown, N. J., on September 10th. Mrs. Weston is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Partington, of this city. The newborn son was named after his worthy grandfather, Charles Partington. Mr. Partington has eight grandchildren now and has reason to feel proud—which he is.

Mr. Norman McGinnis, of Pittsburgh, Pa. and Mrs. Herbert Jump, of Millford, Del., were recent visitors to Philadelphia. The latter was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Shimpf.

Mrs. Wm. L. Salter's aged father, of Leipsic, Del., who has been in poor health for a while, has, after much persuasion, finally come here to live with his daughter during his illness. Mrs. Salter feels relieved that she does not have to make frequent trips to Delaware now, having her own home to look after.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Koenig announced the marriage of their daughter, Emma, to Mr. Forrest I. Pooley on June 26, 1926.

Mrs. Koenig and her daughter, Marie are spending their vacation at Sunset Hall, Wenersville, Pa. They motored up and found the hotel charmingly located on the side of a mountain, at an altitude of 1,500 feet.

church of which he was the beloved pastor up to the time of his death.

Mrs. Duncan McLeon, of Washington, D. C., a former resident of Philadelphia, spent Friday at the home of Mrs. M. J. Syle, as the guest of the ladies there. She brought with her her lovely little daughter, Margaret Jean, five months old, and her young son, Duncan Jr. We lost our hearts to baby Margaret, and so some one present said, "Never before felt so tempted to kidnap a child." Mrs. McLeon was popular while here in Philadelphia, and was one of a very few ladies brave enough to mount the platform at the Clerc Lit Society, and entertain the members with good stories. We hope her husband will some day move back to good old Philadelphia.

Miss Gertrude M. Downey won first prize from the Philadelphia Daily News for the best letter of 150 words. The writer says she was not so proud of the letter itself, as she thinks she has written better in her day, but she was naturally proud of the fact that her letter was chosen from nearly four thousand rivals, and was judged by men who stand high in newspaper work. The letter appeared in the Tuesday, September 12th, issue.

Mrs. Moore entertained on Wednesday evening in honor of her guest Mr. Bell, of Toronto, Canada, who came to the United States to take a special course in monotype. Those who received an invitation to the affair were: Mr. and Mrs. Rothmund, Mr. John Roach, Mrs. Syle, Mrs. Haight, Mrs. Breen, Mr. and Mrs. Cusack, and Miss Downey, and Mr. and Mrs. George T. Sanders. A new game which none of the Philadelphia deaf had ever heard of before was played and very much enjoyed. Mr. Bell is a very well educated semi-mute and we are sure will make many friends during his stay in Philadelphia.

We extend our sincere sympathy to Mrs. Gertrude Salter, whose father is very ill and who was not expected to live for a short time. We hope he may recover.

G. M. DOWNEY.

Obituary

DIED—Monday, September 6th, at the House of Calvary in the Bronx, Adolph Louis Pfandler, aged 47. Funeral services at St. Ann's Church for the Deaf, Wednesday evening, September 8th, at 8:15 o'clock. Interment in Lutheran Cemetery.

Custom has decreed that the final notice of departed friends shall not deviate from the formal wording that bids farewell to the greatest as to the humblest in the sombre obituary columns of the press. As brief is the announcement as the few days that elapse between the last fluttering breath and the new-made mound in the quiet precincts of the cemetery. Afterwards there is time to consider and weigh as human faults and failings recede in the distance and whatever good, and therefore whatever of true worth, remains.

Adolph Louis Pfandler was born on the East Side forty-seven years ago when that section of the city was populated by the stolid Germans and ebullient Irish with a fringe of mixed nationalities along its borders. Grand Street and the Bowery were its great avenues along these famous thoroughfares life ebbed and flowed in all its various phases grave and and gay. Much of his shrewdness and native wit was traceable to this environment. The East Side in those days was a hard school for any man. As many sterling characters have risen from its teeming neighborhood as have sunk with the wreck of humanity that sought and found oblivion there.

Early in life he lost his hearing and entered the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes.

His favorite teacher was Professor Elmendorf. He did not finish the full course and after a few years at various trades, found employment with the famous Lyons Restaurant on the Bowery, the doors of which were never closed. Here politicians, judges, editors, and statesmen dined; here as much of the political history of the East Side was made as was ordered in Tammany Hall

further uptown. The Sullivans and Foleys and lesser henchman ruled this domain with an iron hand. Adolph knew many of these politicians intimately and numbered among his friends many of the Bowery's famous characters. He had own his limited circle of deaf acquaintances in those days and seldom emerged from the Bowery save to annual entertainments of the social and fraternal organizations of the deaf.

He was still in his twenties when the complexion of the old Bowery rapidly changed. Lyons' Restaurant at last closed its doors and unable to find the key they nailed up the entrance. The old-time politicians died out. The Germans and Irish retreated before the oncoming hordes of immigrants from Eastern and Southern Europe and the Bowery so long famed in song and story passed into history. Adolph drifted from one job to another, finally becoming salesman for a soap concern. His interests and friends were chiefly in the Clark Deaf-Mutes' Athletic Association.

One day he drifted into an entertainment at St. Ann's Church and became interested in the social side of the Church. Later he was confirmed and became actively identified with the work there, as one of its most faithful and energetic workers.

Behind all his humor and clowning there was a vein of deep seriousness and reverence for sacred things.

Perhaps he was happiest when managing one of the numerous entertainments of the church, or shining in some self-created comic character on the stage, where his peculiar gifts of mimicry and a natural talent for acting had full sway. It is no exaggeration to say he was one of the most popular members of the church.

He was always willing to serve in any capacity, so long as it was to the advantage of the church he loved.

He brought the same whole-hearted enthusiasm to the more important and serious side of his church duties.

Every life has its own tragedies hidden from sight. Life is not all smiles. There must be tears intermingled. Some people appear to have more than their due share of woe. Others seem to be always care-free and happy. Adolph was one of the latter. From our standpoint, he seemed to regard the world as a stage and life just one long comedy. He would intrude his sudden absurdities on the gravest assemblies, relieving the tenseness of situations. He seemed always to be happy. Then the clouds gathered swiftly. The humor died out of his eyes and in its place came a bewildered look, as the tragedy of suffering and pain crowded the lesser characters off his stage of life. A few short months and the curtain dropped for the last time. He never knew the hopelessness of his illness. No one had the heart to tell him. His friends called always with cheering messages that he would some day be well again. To the last, he retained a spark of hope and died, not knowing why or how he died.

A host of friends will miss him and remember him for what he was to them. A loyal, affectionate friend; a cheerful and welcome companion; a faithful and earnest Churchman. The world is surely made better for that he lived and loved and laughed and labored herein. Vale.

JOHN H. KENT.

ST. THOMAS' MISSION FOR THE DEAF

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D.

Priest-in-Charge.

Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader.

Miss Hattie L. Deem, Sunday School Teacher.

Sunday School at 9:30 a.m.

Sunday Services at 10:45 a.m.

Woman's Guild, first Wednesdays, 2:00 p.m.

Lectures, Third Sundays, 7:30 p.m.

Socials, Fourth Saturdays, 8:00 p.m.

Special services, lectures, socials and other events indicated on annual program card and duly announced.

You are cordially invited and urged to attend. Tell and bring your friends.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST SERVICES.

REV. OLOF HANSON, Missionary.

Seattle—First and third Sunday each month.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

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CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions, and business letters, to be sent to the
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Whenever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us.
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

For the welfare of the deaf, it is essential that the public be educated constantly as to their capabilities and qualifications.

It should not be expected of the public to search out information about the deaf. We should furnish it, and be glad if it receives the attention that we expect.

Prejudice about the fitness of a deaf person to perform the duties of a position, is not begotten of malice. It is caused by a lack of knowledge about them.

The present day method of measuring them is most often upon their ability to speak orally and read speech from the lips of others. If they are unable to do so, it is proof presumptive that they are not educated. The public has no time for any study that will inevitably lead to the logical conclusion that knowledge resides in the brain and is only expressed vocally by the tongue.

They do not stop to consider that the main thing is to educate the mind.

Many a deaf-mute who does not speak has a trained mind. He can perform any task that a hearing person can accomplish. Often he is superior to many of his hearing fellow workers along lines that engage the brain and hand.

Deafness is merely a lack of education by sound. The deaf child must try harder to accomplish as much as the hearing child; because from infancy considerable common knowledge, and words in colloquial language have been unconsciously absorbed through the ear. This is an immense advantage at the beginning of school instruction.

The deaf are not freaks of nature, but rather people who are destined to go through life handicapped by the loss of one of the most important senses.

Yet their accomplishments in almost every vocation in which hearing is not absolutely necessary, should be a matter for admiration to the great masses of hearing people.

The deaf, by word and example, should impress this upon the people in communities in which they have their homes.

As citizens, the educated product of institutions and schools for the deaf, are the equal of any in productiveness that adds to the wealth of the several States. There are 80,000 of them in the United States, and about all of this immense number of votes are cast each year as their wisdom and study of public questions dictate.

As members of the body politic, the deaf take an interest in public affairs, and influence not only their immediate families but also those with whom they associate. An educated adult, deaf man is worth cultivating.

CHICAGO.

Mary had a little lamb!
They sold the darned thing to the Stock Yards.
And we are going to eat it at the Silver Anniversary Banquet of Frat Division, No. 1,
Auditorium Hotel,
November 6th.

The Silver Jubilee committee of N. F. S. D., Division No. 1, held its final meeting of the year on the 12th, and formally affirmed the plans of Chairman David J. Padden to stage the anniversary feature of the celebration of the formation of the "first frat division" with a banquet at one of the biggest hotels in the Loop. All welcome—frat or non-frat—at \$2 per plate—payable in advance. Several of the features which made the Washington N. A. D. banquet the best ever seen, will be embodied in Chicago's offering, which is certain to pack the hall to its 300 capacity.

Address advance reservations to the JOURNAL representative's office, 5627 Indiana Avenue, Chicago. Money must accompany all applications.

One of Deafdom's most refined and distinguished visitors during the Labor Day period was Mrs. Helen Austin, of Washington, D. C., ex-'21, Gallaudet College. This young paragon has varied accomplishments, being an expert with both needle and gas range; a clear and charming conversationalist of the Intelligentsia type; and the only deaf lady I ever met who was able to write entertaining verse without being in eyese. "Brains and beauty don't mix," as one frank friend told me in Washington, after gazing on my battle-scarred visage; but in Mrs. Austin's case they do. She combines all the old-fashioned virtues of our grandmothers with all the new-fangled frills.

Mrs. Austin, who was formerly employed in a clerical capacity by the Government in Washington, has for her past year served as secretary to Prof. Robert H. Gault, of Northwestern University (Evanston, Ill.), who was conducting research experiments at Gallaudet College in the way of aiding the deaf to sense sound through her touch. She states Prof. Gault has made really remarkable progress—although, of course, no great discovery is perfected in one jump. Prof. Gault is now back with his classes at Northwestern, and Mrs. Austin left on the 7th, to assume a post in the Michigan State School for the Deaf at Flint. While here she was the guest of a sister "Owl"—Mrs. Meagher.

H. B. Moore and wife, of Burlington, Iowa, came down over Labor Day and subscribed to the JOURNAL. Moore sells farm remedies, etc., for a large concern, traveling around the country with sample cases and taking orders, which he sends to the factory for shipment. He claims the secret of his great success, in contrast to the orders secured by hearing salesmen, is the fact he was raised on a farm and knows the business.

Edward P. Cleary, dean of the deaf pedagogues, was here renewing old friendships. This young-old Irishman—as Irish as Paddy's pig—is starting his 34th year with the Illinois school; or his 40th season in pedagogical harness, having previously taught six years in the Cincinnati, Ohio, oral school. Cleary was "drumming up trade" for next summer's normal course at Jacksonville. Bernard Tietelbaum, and others who took the course last June-July, were at the N. A. D. convention praising it highly, and next year's enrollment will be surprising, if promises are sincere.

Quite a crowd of visitors came to town for the Labor Day doings. Five came from Detroit by bus—Fred Patrick, Michael Miller, Odell Ballman, Leo Goldstein and Jule Guthman—the last named returning from a visit where he was Goldstein's guest for one week. Goldstein is secretary of the Detroit Association of the Deaf, and seems to have won the heart of one of Chicago's fairest dancers. Ballman, who left last May, was the guest of Ralph Weber while here.

Mahlon Hoag and little son, Ralph, of St. Paul, were on deck—returning home from a visit to Hoag's father in Binghamton, N. Y.

William Beckham, of St. Louis, Julian Stein, of South Bend, Indiana, Edward McMullen and wife, of Detroit, Miss Vida Conway, of Rock Island, Mrs. Pearl Peterson, of Dubuque, Iowa, Miss Vera Riek, of Oaklawn, A. E. Feldman, of Summit, Ill., and Alfred Schultz, of Burlington, Iowa, were others of the many visitors—but they were wise enough to seek introductions to the "press."

Other callers were the J. Johnsons, of Elgin, the Schmidts and Offerles of Aurora, the Valentines, Webb and his son, of Rock Island.

Mrs. John Fisher and her 16-year-old daughter, Edna, were in Chicago for the first time since leaving us eight years ago. John Fisher—an old-time printer—went to Denver for his health and recovered admirably. Mrs. Fisher is still the charming and intellectual blonde of old lang syne.

Arthur Finch and wife came from Detroit. The wife intended to remain only a few days, then proceed to visit her parents in New Orleans,

but she fell in love with Chicago, so has deferred her departure by several weeks.

George W. Anderson, a gardener of Zion City, was here. He hails from London, England, and bore out the N. A. D. assertion of Rev. Kent that "those bally Britishers sling a slick lingo."

Mrs. Sylvia Chapin Balis attended the Labor Day picnic, being the guest of Mrs. George Dougherty while here, en route from a summer in Los Angeles to her duties in the Canada school she has made famous.

George Bennett and Miss Edna Gaffney, of Clinton, Iowa, came in on an excursion on the 12th.

The Pas-a-Pas Club held its monthly social on the 11th, seven tables of "500" and eight of "bunco." When the Pas-a-Pas makes provisions for better service at its check room, the attendance at its socials should increase.

Miss Mildred Markstad, of Canada, Gallaudet '25, was in town on the 11th en route to her duties in the Mississippi school.

The Charles Kesslers were at the Pas-a-Pas party on the 11th, just back from a delightful secondary honeymoon—going out via the Canadian Pacific, and down the coast via Seattle and Vancouver, Wash., as far as Tia Juana, Mexico, and back via the Southern route. Mrs. Kessler has left to resume her duties as teacher in the Tennessee school, while Charlie remains at his lucrative job here.

After summer in our cool city, Daugdrill left for Alabama on the 12th, where he will winter safe from our interesting blizzards. He gave an interesting lecture at the Pas-a-Pas "lit" on the 28th.

The Mark Woodruffs attended the reunion in Danville, Ky., after which Mark returned to his job here, leaving his pretty wife to linger with relatives and friends awhile.

Charles Sharpnack spent a week with relatives in Pittsburgh, followed by a week's attendance at the reunion near there.

The second daughter of the Washington Barrows is flashing an engagement ring. Barrow—then a kid fresh from school—was the first Chicagoan to join the "Frat" and was one of Chicago's two charter members when the "F.S.D." was organized in 1901. Barrow will be one of the star speakers at the 25th anniversary banquet of No. 1, November 6th.

The sister and husband of Mrs. Charles Green spent two days with her.

James Hunt and Hiram Henderson, with his wife and son, have gone to St. Louis, after working all summer asathers—scale \$14 per day. The lathing trade is excellent here from April to August, after which work is slack.

Miss Mary Isabelle Offerlee died in Prophetstown, Ill., August 16th, aged 89. Burial in Geneseo. She was educated in Jacksonville.

Gus Boltz is married! Yes sir. Went down to Kentucky and brought back a bride, Miss Thelma Tillman. On August 28th he was tendered a "bachelor party" at the Sac, managed by Mark Woodruff—

who himself a few years ago went down and brought back a Kentucky belle as his bride.

Ray and Ellis Timmerman, sons of Mrs. Charles Kemp, are back from a three-weeks' auto trip to New York State, where they visited friends and relatives.

Elmer Disz took an excursion to Cincinnati recently, visiting his mother in Bellevue, Ky., a Cincinnati suburb.

Dates ahead. Nothing but the first annual Carnival and Ball of Chicago-106, at the Silent A. C., 5536 Indiana Avenue, Saturday night, October 2d. This is going to open the indoor season with a bang, being featured with brand-new stunts by brand-new entertainers, in a brand-new manner.

THE MEAGHERS.

PROTESTANT-EPISCOPAL MISSIONS.

Diocese of Washington, and the States of Virginia and West Virginia. Rev. Henry J. Pulver, General Missionary, Washington, D. C.—St. John's Parish Hall, 16th and H Streets, N. W. Services every Sunday, 11:15 A.M. Holy Communion, First Sunday of each month.

Richmond, Va.—St. Andrew's Church, Laurel and Beverley Streets. Service Second Sunday, 8 P.M. Bible Class, other Sundays, 11 A.M.

Norfolk, Va.—St. Luke's Church, Grady and Bute Streets. Services, Second Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Elizabeth's Silent Mission, St. Matthew's Church. Services every Sunday, at 3:30 P.M.

Services by Appointment:—Virginia: Lynchburg, Roanoke, Newport News, and Staunton, West Virginia: Parkersburg, Huntington, Charleston, Clarksburg, Fairmont and Romney.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Union services for deaf-mutes every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, conducted by Prof. J. A. Kennedy, at First Congregational Church, Hope and Ninth Streets. Entrance up the incline to north side door and upstairs to the Orchestra Room. Open to all denominations. Visiting deaf-mutes cordially welcome.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf. Will answer all calls.

J. W. MICHAELS,
Mountainburg,
Star Route, Ark.

LOS ANGELES

Waldo H. Rothert, Jr., oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Rothert, was operated upon for chronic appendicitis. His recovery was rapid and he was able to sit up two days after the operation. At present he is at home with the best person in the world, his mother, looking after him.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard L. Terry had to cut their trip short when they received word that their daughter, Kate Van Gorder, was in a serious condition following an operation for appendicitis. The Terrys are staying with their son-in-law at Pleasanton, Cal., about twenty-three miles east of Oakland, and expect to be back home by the fifteenth. We are anxious for them to give us an account of their trip abroad and their royal treatment while in New York City.

And now comes Minerva Conway, thirteen years old, youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. James Conway. Mrs. Conway, with the oldest daughter, Mary, and Minerva, had just made a trip in their Dodge to San Francisco and Sacramento. Minerva had been sick off and on and it seems the heavy work of changing tires ruptured her appendix, but it was not until they had got back home and then gone on to Catalina Island that she had become stricken and had to be operated on. From all reports she seems to be recovering.

The three day fraternal of the N. F. S. D., September 4th, 5th, 6th, did not turn out to be the howling success the committee had hoped for. The night of the dance, the musicians failed to show up, due to some slight misunderstanding as to the location.

It is a queer thing, but the deaf refuse to play without music. Sunday the bowling tournament attracted such a large crowd that they actually drove the hearing people out of the establishment. Five five-men teams competed, the one composed of Oscar Larson, capt., Floyd Bulmer, Claude Wood, Frank Burson and Mr. Lewis, carried off honors.

Levi Larson was the best bowler, with Floyd Bulmer coming a close second. It is to be marveled that Bulmer can average 175 or better, as he has lost his first two fingers. The place selected for the Labor Day picnic was poor, the grounds were too dusty for comfort. Still a fairly large crowd turned out. A panoramic picture of some fifty-six autos owned by the deaf was taken. This picture, taken by Mr. Joe Bixler, will come in handy as a proof of our ability to own and operate cars, when next Saturday at L. A. S. C. Mr. Johnson, of the Los Angeles Traffic Bureau, will give a talk, illustrated on the screen, on traffic rules, etc.

We are going to show him a thing or two and make him our friend.

On Thursday, September 2d, Miss Ruth Sandvik, of Minnesota, became the bride of Mr. William K. Verberg, formerly of Colorado. They are still on their honeymoon through the State in their car.

Mr. A. B. Greener is in Santa Barbara with the J. M. Parks. It is hoped we will see A. B. down in Los Angeles oftener than we did the last time he was here.

Mr. J. W. Gledhill and wife, both of Gallaudet '13, and formerly of Yonkers, N. Y., were seen much in evidence during the Labor holidays. They had come up from San Diego with the Jesse Browns who, are frequent visitors.

Mr. Chas. Boss getting, weary of his Maxwell sedan and hearing the blare of the new Oldsmobiles, traded in his old car for an Olds and is now riding in style.

Mr. McDonough, who owns and runs a prosperous shoe-repairing shop in Pasadena, has purchased a Star Six. He finds it handy in taking his two children and wife to places he couldn't go to without a car.

At the L. A. S. C., September 11th, a showing of eleven reels of Douglas Fairbanks in "Don Q" attracted a big crowd, which at ten cents a head, well paid for the high rental charges on the film.

Mrs. Edith Johnston Larson received the surprise of her life when her father and mother entered her home. They had driven all the way from Kent, Wash., which is near Seattle, in a Chevrolet sedan without any trouble. They had come to see their grandchild, Phyllis Irene, who will soon be two years old, and the house (of about the same age) which Mr. Oscar Larson has been building all by himself, even to the plumbing and wiring, during his spare time. The house is a large seven-room affair with a real fireplace, and does credit to Oscar, who is a mechanic by trade. He has only papering left to do, and then it will be complete. Congratulations!

Mr. Bert Bures, who is steadily employed as a tailor at Foreman and Clark, a large clothing firm, recently packed his wife and two lovely little girls (oh, yes, the wife is lovely too) into his Essex coach and drove up to Yosemite for his vacation. He visited the lakes in the surrounding region for possible fishing, but friend wife wouldn't stand for the freezing climate, so Bert came back without the fish.

The J. W. Barretts have an addition to their family in the form of

a forlorn collie pup, who insisted on adopting their household. They intend to keep it and have named it Teddy.

The W. F. Schneiders invited Mrs. Kenneth Willman and Miss Ella Roy to a chicken dinner Sunday, the 12th, to celebrate Mrs. Willman's birthday. The Schneiders have quite a chicken ranch in their limited back yard. They have about 75 in the fryer stage. The ranch is under the able management of Lenore Bible—at least so she says.

I think J. Frederick Meagher should not mention Los Angeles as a convention place for the N. A. D. He would only be sorely disappointed if he ever did come to out here, and we don't want to come in for a lot of criticism from Jimmy like St. Paul did. The climate here is too ideal for us residents to hustle up with a program.

Mr. R. P. Handley promised to subscribe to the JOURNAL if I would write a column or two about him, and this is all I can write regarding said person.

Mrs. Gladys Watts Richardson left for Chicago last week to join her sister, Mrs. Ronstadt. They expect to be back in January.

Miss Ronstadt left about the same time for Arizona, where she will resume her class-room duties at the State School.

Fortunate are those who have fig trees in their yards. The trees bear 3 or 4 crops a year and are heavy, needing very little care. The tree in Ernest Bingham's yard was so heavy with figs, the neighbors were called in to help dispose of the fruit.

Mr. O'Leary who has been away in Duluth, Minn., for a year, is back again, this time to stay.

ORANGE BLOSSOM.

E. M. GALLAUDET MEMORIAL

BULLETIN No. 5.

Connecticut Quota, \$598.

Previously acknowledged	\$270 00
Ann Arino, Portland	5 00
Chas. A. Chafee, Middletown	1 00
William E. Stroud, Middletown	1 00
Anna Morgan, New London	5 00
Collected by	
William J. O'Connell, Waterbury	2 00
Harry Kelly, Waterbury	1 00
Saverio Minucci, Waterbury	1 00
Joseph Grady, Waterbury	1 00
Anthony Westlowes, Waterbury	1 00
Lawrence Rousseau, Waterbury	1 00
Howard Backus, Waterbury	1 00
Edward Hine, Waterbury	1 00

Collected by	
Michael Hamra, New Haven	10 00
Howell Cheney, So. Manchester	100 00
Judge E. B. Bennett, Hartford	50 00
Archibald A. Welch, Hartford	25 00
Charles D. Rice, Hartford	25 00
	501 00

Collected by	
Nathan M. Zietz, Meriden, Ind.	1 00
Anton A. Salski, Meriden, Ind.	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. Albert A. Diot, Meriden	2 00
Theodore Marsden, Meriden	2 00
Harold T. Howlett, Orange	1 00
Collected by Mrs. Margaret Walker	

Albert Boardman, Norwich	1 00
Mrs. Angelina J. Curto, Norwich	1 00
Charles H. Slocum, Norwich	5 00
Samuel M. Stone, Hartford	15 00
Mary M. Hoaker, Hartford	50 00
Thomas W. Russell, Hartford	5 00
Mr. and Mrs. Roy C. Webster, W. Hartford	5 00
Ione C. Dibble, Hartford	5 00
Collected by Ione Dibble	

Dorothy Cusack, Suffield	1 00
Bishop C. B. Brewster, Hartford	3 00
Mary A. Arnold, Hartford	2 00
George F. Stone, Hartford	5 00
Mary C. Sumner, Hartford	25 00
Dr. John J. McCook, Hartford	25 00
Ward E. Duffy, W. Hartford	2 00
Bishop Mrs. Acheson, Middletown	20 00

	\$678 00
George C. Hadlock, Hartford	5 00
Robert B. Newell, Hartford	5 00
Ione C. Dibble, Hartford	20 00
Mrs. Abe S. Clark, Hartford	5 00
The Marino Family, Portland	15 00

	\$727 00
Massachusetts Quota, \$1592	
Previously acknowledged	25 00

Collected by	
Rev. J. Stanley Light	40 00
J. A. Blanchard	1 00
Mrs. L. T. Clark	1 00
H. Lowenberg	2 50
Mrs. Wm. P. Browne	1 00
Aaron Kravitz	1 00

	\$71 00
Edward P. Clarke, Chairman.	
Sept. 15, 1926.	

"E. M. G." Memorial.

Collections through the Metropolitan Chapter
G. C. A. A.

Note.—Prior to the opening of the present drive, Members of the Metropolitan Chapter had contributed \$400 to the Memorial Fund.

Previously Reported	\$238 10
Through Mrs. Culmer Barnes	
Proceeds of Chapter Party	25 00
Through Mr. Edward P. Clarke	
Michael Czech, Albany, N. Y.	1 00
Matthew J. Kendrick, Albany, N. Y.	4 00
Hyman Criswell, Albany, N. Y.	1 00
Fred J. Donnelly, Albany, N. Y.	1 00
Milton J. Harris, Albany, N. Y.	1 00
Oliver B. Kipp, Buerst Hills	1 00
Peter E. Corvigan, Troy, N. Y.	1 00
Total	\$273 10

THOMAS FRANCIS FOX,
Agent for New York.
September 25, 1926.

Economy of words is the first rule of good writing.

When you're mad keep quiet and do nothing.

Gallaudet College

Hail, hail, the gang's all here!
Once more Kendall Green is teeming with powdered co-eds and amply trousered students. They began to trickle in Tuesday, the majority pouring in on Wednesday, September the twenty-second. Glad cries and hearty back-slapping resounded in the halls, which had heard little or no noise throughout the summer months. The Preps came in for their portion of the usual vituperative contempt at the hands of the august upperclassmen. Excited accounts of vacations were begun, only to be interrupted in the midst by some new arrival.

According to Dr. Hall, we have this year a record-breaking attendance of 149 students, some of whom are, however, not here yet. Of Seniors 21, of Juniors 20, of Sophomores 14, of Special students 3, of Freshmen 29, of Preps 52, whose names will be printed in chronological as well as alphabetical order next week.

As a result of the increased roll call, College Hall is much more crowded than ever. The Seniors occupy two tables in the Young Men's Refectory, the Preps fully three, and the Freshmen two and a half. Here and there an extra roommate is slipped in, thus greatly adding to the general discomfort, especially that of the lower classmen. It is, indeed, a problem as to how to secure ample accommodations for the ever-growing student body. Solution—a new building.

This year's Normal class consists of Messrs. Hester, of Millsaps College; Marrow of George Washington University; Harris, of the University of California; Quigley of Gooding College and Misses Sowell, of Omaha University, and Bowen of the University of Minnesota.

Saturday night, September 25th, the Y. M. C. A., in conjunction with the Y. W. C. A., gave for the benefit of newcomers the traditional Get-Acquainted Social, which was enjoyed by all.

Throughout the summer students wondered whether or not Luther Shibley, '27, and Norman Scarvie, '27, succeeded in getting home in their battered Fords. They speculated as to whether they were above or six feet below the surface, so when Shibley and Scarvie showed up again, a weight was lifted off from many a mind. They report a hilarious trip, plentifully sprinkled with punctures and altercations, with balky spark plugs and timers. A crowd of students living in the Mid-West went along and they swear the Fords rode better than Rolls-Royces.

Another automobile party, made up of students working in New York as dish-washers, rolled to a glorious stop at the famed Coffin Door, after venturing into Canada and the Great Lake's territory.

BRIGHT FOOTBALL PROSPECTS

In spite of a rather late opening, Gallaudet will in all likelihood not have so discouraging a football season as was last year's. Most of last year's squad have returned and are tipping the scales in a way that is entirely reassuring. Coach Hughes has mapped out a training routine that will in no time whip his men into fighting trim.

With the exception of three, all of last year's letter men are back, around which nucleus it will not be very hard for their mentor, Coach Hughes, to build this year's machine.

Facing a schedule much lighter than last year's, Gallaudet's football season will surely not be so plentifully strewn with defeats as was last year's record, which was the worst Kendall Green ever had.

From all appearances, the only real difficulty confronting Coach Hughes is to develop a fast, smashing backfield. Rose, who was forced out of most of the games last year because of a shattered hand, is back, trying for his old position as fullback. Rose and Byouk, the punting halfback, will greatly bolster up the team with their sensational plunging and kicking. Quarter is as yet unoccupied, but rumor has it that we shall not have to lift our voices any more in a plea for a brainy quarterback, as Coach Hughes has devised a means by which the need of a field-marshal in the position of quarter is eliminated.

Talking into consideration weight and experience, the material, both old and new, is very promising.

Most of last year's linemen are back, the only absences being Knauss and Young, who graduated last spring, and Mlynarek. More than one-half of the men of the Preparatory Class turned out in uniform in response to Captain Scarvie's call, like providential manna. Not a few of them have made names for themselves on the gridiron at their schools, so it is expected that some of them will eventually find their way to the regulars.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

XAVIER EPHPHETA SOCIETY.

Meetings of the Xavier Ephpheta Society were resumed on September 12th, at St. Francis Xavier's College. It is twenty-five years now since the Society was organized. In September, 1913, during the directorate of the late Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J., the organization was incorporated. Among the signatures of incorporation record in the office of the Secretary of State is Rev. Joseph H. Rockwell, S. J., at that time a member of the College Faculty, and later appointed Provincial of the Jesuit Community of this diocese.

The present Rev. Director, Father John A. Egan, S. J., personally greeted each one of the assembled Ephphetas present at the meeting. The grouching of Old Jap. Pluv. the preceding two or three Sundays caused a slump in attendance as he day was ideal for out in the open. President Fives, however, was on hand, and announced the regular monthly meeting would convene on the first Sunday in October.

During the many years of its functioning the X. E. S. has held on to its purpose of being a help to the Catholic deaf, if even in a modest way. It began during Father McCarthy's directorate the establishing of Sunday School classes for the Catholic pupils at Fanwood and Lexington Ave. institutes. The instruction still continues. Mr. Thomas J. Cosgrove is in charge of St. Rose school, where the Fanwood pupils attend each Friday evening. He is assisted by a proficient corps of catechists. Rev. John Nestor is priest in charge, since the retirement of Rev. Joseph H. McCaffrey, whose duties as Catholic Chaplain to the Police Department, called for too much of his time.

Later, through Rt. Rev. Bishop Dunn, a request came to Father McCaffrey to services of competent teachers for the Catholic pupils at the Lexington Ave. School. The latter conferred with Mr. Cosgrove, through whose efforts the services of Miss Mary Austru and Miss Teresa McCarthy have been proffered. His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes has always shown an interest in the Sunday school work begun by the Xavier Ephpheta Society, and to an extent that the schools were placed on record among the Catholic Charities sponsored by the New York diocese.

Interest in the work of X. E. S. is urged from the younger generation of the Catholic deaf. New blood in any organization means progress.

Hopes are entertained, with the opening meeting in October, the roll of membership will be augmented to an extent that will prove an encouraging incentive to the Rev. Director and the rank and file of the organization to continue their efforts for the Catholic Deaf.

Miss Teresa McCarthy has returned from a vacation both profitable and invigorating, spent at Spring Lake, N. J.

President Fives, friend wife little baby Fives, boss of the Fives household, rather than sojourn in the Bahamas, decided on a fortnight with Grandma Fives at her bungalow in New Dorp, S. I. The decision afforded Jerry the experience of joining the down the bay and back commuters.

Miss Ella Crean does not claim to be as brave as Gertrude Ederle, and would not dare attempt "Trudy's" feat of swimming the Channel. However, Miss Ella was brave enough to endure on one of her blue eyes the incision of a surgeon's knife recently. The result called for heaps of congratulations from all of Miss Ella's friends. By the way, Miss Crean claims both Fanwood and St. Joseph's as Alma Mater.

Charles LeClerc, of San Francisco, Cal., a former son of Manhattan, New York, who arrived here on September 4th, to visit relatives and friends, and who intended to limit his visit to two weeks, lingered for a week longer. During his stay he was feted and dined by relatives and friends, which he will not forget for a long time to come. The last day of his stay was at Ferndale, N. Y., where he went to visit his brother-in-law, who on account of illness could not come down to the city to see him. Mr. LeClerc left on Sunday, September 26th. At Chicago he will be joined by W. L. Waters, of Santa Barbara, Cal., and the two will journey westbound together. It is only six years since Mr. LeClerc left to reside in San Francisco, Cal., and on his visit here he was amazed at the many changes that were wrought in that space of time. One day he was almost run over in crossing the street here. He said that while he is proud to be a New Yorker by birth, he prefers the atmosphere of the balmy and easy going sphere of San Francisco to that of New York, and expects to make the "Golden Gate" his permanent home. He left with the best of wishes of his numerous friends in this city.

Saturday evening, September 18th, St. Ann's Guild House opened up with a social gathering, sponsored by the Metropolitan Chapter of Gallaudet College Alumni Association, for the E. M. Gallaudet Memorial Fund. About a hundred people were present, including many alumni. Among the out-of-town visitors was Miss Elizabeth Peet, Professor of Languages at Gallaudet College. Her New York acquaintances were delighted to find her in their midst.

Dancing had been planned for the evening's entertainment, but on account of the refractory behavior and erratic performance of St. Ann's one and only antique phonograph, dancing was given up and the occasion given over to light conversation and the exchanging of vacation experiences. (Think of it—a crowd of deaf people refusing to dance because there was no music!) Delectables were served in the tea-room by Mrs. Bertha Block Barnes, president of Metropolitan Chapter, assisted by Mesdames Fox and Nies and Misses Helen Fish and Sophie Boatwright. The hearing son and daughter of Mrs. Barnes were active in aid of the cause. The proceeds of the entertainment will be sent to the fund, which is being raised in all parts of the U. S. toward the erection of a memorial building at Gallaudet College in honor of Dr. Edward Miner Gallaudet.

Miss Catherine Plunkett, of Brooklyn, N. Y., became the bride of James J. Davison, of Jersey City, N. J., at the Church of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Brooklyn, on September 8th last. Rev. Father Long, pastor of the church, performed the ceremony. Bernard Doyle was the best man and Mrs. George St. Clair, bride-maid. Mr. Davison first attended St. Joseph's Institute, Westchester, N. Y., and was transferred to the School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J., where he graduated. Mrs. Davison received her education at St. Joseph's Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Millie Klein, beloved mother of Mrs. Anna Sturtz, passed away on Friday, September 24th, after a lingering illness of eight weeks, due to a complication of diseases. Though the end had been momentarily expected, it was only her amazing vitality which clung on to the slender thread of life for several days longer. The beautiful sympathy of a host friends goes out to Anna and her family in this hour of her bereavement.

Miss Mary Brewer of Mt. Vernon, and Mr. Gilday enjoyed a two weeks' vacation with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jenkins at Lake George, N. Y. While there, they visited Mr. and Mrs. Pfeiffer, who gave them a ride on the lake in their launch. At Valley Falls they also called on Mr. and Mrs. Girard and Mr. Becker for the week-end.

Mr. Henry Beyer, beloved husband of Alletta Beyer (nee Bastiensens), died Sunday, September 26th, 1926, after lingering illness, at the age of 56 years. Besides his widow he leaves a sister, Miss Mary Carato. Mr. Beyer was educated the Fanwood Institution under Dr. Peet. Funeral services were held at his late residence, Tuesday evening, September 28th, at 8 o'clock. Interment was at Lutheran Cemetery.

As a world traveller, Sylvester J. Fogarty is entitled to the spot light. European cities have been honored with his six-foot-one of manhood. East, West, North and South in out own U. S. have catered to him. Not content with the Hodgson-Kohlman-Souweine Mediterranean tour, Syl. would not let the Washington, Nutmeg N. E. G. A. meetings pass by without having his signature on the local hotel registers.

The Kieckers, Julius and Mae, who are known as "Mr. and Mrs.", are still busy over the finger route about the joyful Fourth - of - July week - end outing they had at Auburn, N. Y. They were guests of Mrs. Butler, mother of Mrs. Kieckers. With brother-in-law's car—a Dodge—trips about the country were made possible, an item they lay great stress upon was that of having "dodged" all around the City of Salt - Syracuse.

A month divided between Lake George, Warrensburg, N. Y., Port Jefferson, L. I., and in addition, divers resorts by subway and bus and all-water routes, sufficed as a vacation period for Mrs. John F. O'Brien. At Lake George, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Pfeiffer, at their fine lodge on the shores of that well-known resort. Entertained in true Pfeiffer style, they were treated to a speedy trip around the lake in Mr. Pfeiffer's prize-winning launch, the "Koshkomoen."

After combating the effects of being gassed at the front during the World War, a brother of Paul Di Anno passed to his reward recently. On his entry to overseas duty the deceased was in sound health and of sturdy physical build. But like thousands of his buddies similarly affected, he never recovered his pre-war health. Sympathy is extended Paul and Family.

Last Saturday afternoon a little surprise party was tendered to Miss Goldie L. Aronson in honor of her twenty-first birthday, by the "Bonheur" Girls. Goldie received some useful gifts, and later on in the evening they saw a good show. They all had a nice time.

Met Fred Haberstroh last Saturday. He is the same individual as in former years, except that he has quit playing basketball and other sports, but his service is now and then sought as a referee. He had just returned from a week's vacation up State.

John O'Rourke, who is perhaps the greatest "jumper" among the silent of this decade, dropped, or rather "jumped" in town last Saturday, to transact some business and also for a little pleasure.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Timer have moved to the Washington Heights section, being located at 601 West 188th Street, Apartment 4 E, where they are now prepared to receive their friends.

The Canoe Club, composed of Messrs. Sussman, and Ebin, and a few others, is no more. It started with great prospects of increased membership and prestige, but like many other ventures, it went under.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pierce Kane celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary, at their Washington Heights apartment, on Saturday evening, September 25th.

The Lonerans are back at their town house, following a summer of recuperation at their bungalow in the Rockaways.

Joseph Borowick, who since May was employed at the Grossinger Hotel in Ferndale, N. Y., got back to town on Labor Day.

Seligman Gerson, who spent the summer at Rockaway Park returned to the city on the 16th inst.

Harry Powell spent the summer at Rockaway Park, and is due to return to town October 1st.

Joe Graham writes that his brother was injured by a falling chimney at Miami during the hurricane.

YOUNG AT SIXTY

Keeping young is the particular hobby of Edna Wallace Hopper, the "eternal flapper of the stage." Miss Hopper is 62 years old and she doesn't look a minute over 35.

Secret of her success in maintaining her youthful appearance, she attributes to three causes. She lives right, exercises daily and diets carefully.

"I'm very watchful of the things I eat," said Miss Hopper. "I have to be in order to hold back the encroaching years and avoid a tendency to put on avoirdupois. Any woman can look 40 when she's 60, if she takes the proper care of herself."

"Eat right and grow younger" is an axiom which many women would do well to follow.

"My dietary varies each day, of course, but there are certain dishes to which I give a permanent place. I eat a hountiful helping of cooked greens daily and I eat a salad twice a day. Often the salad comprises the main dish of my meal."

There are certain salads to which Miss Hopper is partial. As she explains them, they are easily prepared.

GARDEN OF EDEN.

2 oranges	1/2 lb. Marshmallows
3/4 can pineapple	1 pt. Chantilly
2 grapefruit	1 dressing
2 tart apples	Candied orange
1 lb. Malaga grapes	peel
1/2 pecans	Lettuce

Peel oranges and grapefruit; remove sections and cut in small even-sized pieces. Cube pineapple, Pare, core, and dice apples, and sprinkle with lemon juice to prevent discoloration. Cut grapes in two lengthwise and remove seeds. Cut each marshmallow in three or four pieces and add to the salad at the last. Pour over Chantilly dressing. Serve on lettuce leaves and garnish with candied orange peel.

DIOCESE OF MARYLAND.

REV. O. J. WHILDEN, General Missionary, 605 Wilton Avenue, Roland Park, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave., and Monument St.

SERVICES.

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.

Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 3:15 P.M.

Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.

Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.

Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 3:15 P.M.

Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.

Guid and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.

Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.

Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.

Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Monday, 8 P.M.

Other Places by Appointments.

We often wonder whether solemn men take life as seriously as they would lead us to believe they do.

DETROIT.

M. A. D. Annual Prize Masquerade Ball, Saturday evening, November 13th, 1926. Watch for particulars.

Hallowe'en Party, Flint Social Club, Saturday evening, October 30th.

Mrs. Pearl Gatton wears a big smile. Ivan Jr. will soon be able to say "Grandma."

Mrs. B. Togil has moved back to her old home on Mitchell Avenue. She had a birthday party for her daughter, Louisa, Saturday evening.

For awhile on the second Sunday of every month, the Rev. R. E. Charles, assistant rector to Rev. Woodroffe, will give communion to Rev. Charles' flock, and Mr. Waters will continue to hold services every Sunday at 11 A.M. Every one welcome. Detroit was shocked on hearing Rev. Mr. Charles had passed to the great beyond so suddenly. At his last service in Detroit, in July, he spoke so earnestly of the coming work this fall, it seems unbelievable that he had bowed to the will of the Heavenly Father already.

On Sunday, September 19th, at 2:30 P.M., Rev. R. W. Woodroffe, Rector of St. John's, with Mrs. Grace Davis as interpreter, held a memorial service for him in the large chapel, with about 70 present. He chose for his text 20th. verse 15 chapter, of I Corinthians. "But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept," and closed with the hymn "Abide with me." He said that February will be the 50th anniversary of mission work at St. Johns. It was started by the late Rev. Austin Mann, followed by the Rev. Allabough, and lastly continued by Rev. Charles.

The members of the Detroit Fraternal Club were called to view a hall on the 3d floor, at the corner of Michigan and Vermont Avenue, Saturday evening. The Fraternal Club is anxious to get a place for its social. Detroit is getting large enough to easily support two clubs. As yet we have not heard if the officers decided to keep it or not.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Bourtier have been the guests of Milton Sweets at Emmet. On their way back, they called on the Kresins at Port Huron.

Mr. Herman Morris, of Birmingham, Alabama, is in our city, looking for work. His wife expects to join him soon.

September 16th, another son came to brighten the home of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Fritz, of Lakeview.

Mrs. Gottie Bierri, of Saginaw, met with a serious accident recently, while driving a team of horses attached to a light wagon. She fell to the ground, the tongue of the wagon passing over her left leg and arm, and the right arm and foot. She is hardly able to walk yet.

J. Oberlin, Wm. Heck, W. Vick, A. Gilbert, of Flint, were in Detroit Sunday for the ball game, and saw Detroit win over Washington. Mr. Vick drove the party up in his car.

The "500" club had a meeting at Mrs. J. J. Heller's and decided to disband and give their efforts to helping the Frat Club. Whooray!! for them.

Mrs. Rion Hoel spent six weeks at Cass Lake with her sister, who was seriously ill. She came up to attend Mrs. Alice Rouden's birthday party and meet her friends. Mr. Hoel joined her the last of the week and took her home.

Miss Sophia Rose, of Brockport, N. Y., assistant supervisor of Kindergarten boys at Rochester, spent ten days with Mr. and Mrs. A. Scott, at Halfway.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rheiner had a few friends on Labor Day for tea, and told them about of their trip to Washington D. C.

Good news. Mrs. C. C. Colby is home at her daughter's again, after a long sojourn at the hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Pastori were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hoffman, at Monroe, Sunday.

Thompson Darling spent his two weeks vacation in Illinois.

Mrs. R. V. Jones has been on the sick list.

Mrs. Geo. R. La Tondras and children are spending a couple of weeks in Battle Creek as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lynch. Mrs. Lynch was Miss Kathleen Squires and a graduate of the Flint State School.

The earliest comer to the D. A. D. is Earl Hubler, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Mrs. Max Crittenden had the misfortune to be badly burned by back firing of the gas heater.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bearer came a son on September 13th, who answers to the name of Norman Harold.

Four Frat officers and members drove to Milan on September 12th in Mr. Wilhelm's car to see a member there, and stopped at Frank Smith's, of Ypsilanti, for dinner.

Detroit Association of the Deaf had a moving picture social on September 11th and 18th. Good crowds turned out for both shows. Franklin E. Thorniley managed the affairs.

MRS. WM. BEHRENDT.

The man who can be depended upon to see the job through is ever beloved by his employer.

SITTING BULL'S LAST TRAIL

In the middle of August, 1881, said the pioneer doctor, Frank Locke, a letter that gave me a real surprise came to me at Pillsbury, Minnesota. It was from one of the large daily newspaper of the East, and it urged me to go into the Yellowstone country, find Sitting Bull and "write up" the story of his capture. My astonishment was caused by the news that Sitting Bull had been captured. During the five years since the battle of the Little Bighorn we heard periodically that the old Sioux had dodged the Northwest Mounted Police and had got into Montana; then would come word that he had evaded the United States cavalry and was again across the border. But for six weeks before I received the letter his whereabouts had been shrouded in mystery.

After thinking the matter over, I came to the opinion that the news of his capture was another false report; yet I decided to make the journey, for even if it should be fruitless it would give me a chance to visit the outposts on the Yellowstone in the midst of the Sioux hunting grounds, which still swarmed with game of every description.

Five days later I called upon Col. R. M. Newport, land commissioner of the Northern Pacific Railroad at St. Paul, and telling him the purpose of my trip, received from him a pass from St. Paul to Bismarck, Dakota, which was then the terminus, although a few trains had been run to Glendive, Montana.

Bismarck proved to be a typical frontier town of about three thousand people. Here the frontiersman was in his element, and for the most part everyone seemed to be good-natured and orderly. At once I hired a team of fine bays and scouted round the town seeking information or rumors. At the bank of the Missouri River, one mile west, I questioned a man, who replied that he had heard nothing about Sitting Bull. I then asked him whether it was true that they drank the Missouri River water, which was rolling by use like a tidal wave of sand.

"No," he said, "we can't do that, but we often break off a piece and suck it like m'lusses candy."

On coming back to Bismarck, I found a gravel train made up for the run to Glendive on the Yellowstone. Attached to the rear of the train was the private car of ex-President Colfax, who invited me to share it with him.

The next day I eagerly watched for Eagle City on the border of the strange and wonderful Bad Lands. At last we arrived, and I rushed out for information. Eagle City was a station twelve feet square. A hen with one chicken was in sight, but no station agent.

In one of the weirdest spots of the Bad Lands the train halted on account of some trouble with the engine, and all hands went specimen hunting. At Sentinel Butte the train stopped so that we could get our last taste of food before we reached the Yellowstone. There were two buildings, but the one bearing a large sign, "Rev. C. A. Duffy's Sample Room," was the more popular.

The walls of the building were made of logs, and the roof of canvas. I was requested to pay two dollars before entering. There was not a chair in the place, but the bill of fare more than made up for every deficiency. I was offered a choice of elk, antelope, goose, duck and prairie chicken. Choosing elk steak, I was shortly brought a pound of it cooked to perfection, and so tender that I could cut it with a fork. Here as elsewhere I got no news of Sitting Bull, and it began to dawn on me that I should get none till I reached the Yellowstone outposts and got into touch with the cavalry.

Shortly after leaving Sentinel Butte, we reached the Dakota-Montana border, which at that time was marked by a pole fifty feet high, on the top of which were the head and horns of a buffalo; and that evening at seven o'clock I stood in Glendive on the beautiful Yellowstone River.

Glendive was one week old, but thirty-two places of business were already strung along the bank of the Yellowstone—all of them tents, and all of them, except four, saloons. No one there had heard anything about Sitting Bull, but all were unanimous in the hope that he would not call on Glendive. The one thought in the public mind was that a stern-wheeler would land there about noon.

I promptly decided to take the boat for the upper Yellowstone outposts. Meanwhile I took a walk round the town and unexpectedly came upon the burying ground. There I met two natives.

"They say Sitting Bull has been captured," I began, stopping beside the two heavily armed frontiersmen. "I'd sure like a dollar for every time I've heard that in the last six years, tenderfoot," said one of the natives, with a grin.

"Right smart beginning, ain't it?" said the other, nodding at the graves. "Thirty-five of 'em—all died with their boots on except one."

We walked among the graves toward the shade of a massive butte. The graveyard proved to be a veritable

able rattlesnakes' den; we could see the creatures everywhere.

"Reckon the devil has come back for another victim," said one of the natives cheerily as a snake buzzed near by.

"It's a regular snake den," I proclaimed, stopping to survey the ground ahead.

"Snakes! There ain't no snakes here," replied the second natives. "You ought to have been with me out in Wyoming last summer. We averaged to kill one hundred to one hundred and fifty rattlers every night when we put up the tent."

"I should say so," broke in the first. "Out in Washington Territory I had just such a time with snakes as this gentleman speaks of. One day, I remember, my pardner was foolish enough to lie down and go to sleep. When he woke up he saw a snake making for him. With a mighty yell and jump he started for camp, and, sir, when he got there he had twenty-four rattlesnakes hanging to his shirt tail."

"Gentlemen," I ventured, "I will not ask you to have a drink, for I think you have seen snakes enough."

The steamer, a stern-wheeler, arrived, and I went aboard. Four miles an hour was the best she could do against the onrush of the Yellowstone, but time did not hang heavy on my hands, for buffalo and antelope were in view at every bend, and the captain proved to be a store of information. "When we tie up for wood at Buffalo Rapids," he said to me, "I want you to go down the bank to a creek mouth and see where a band of miners from the Black Hills drove off a bunch of Sioux, who left one of their number. He's still right there."

When the boat stuck her nose into bank, I followed his directions. The trail led me to the scene of the encounter, and there, exactly as he had described it, was the skeleton and tattered clothing of an Indian.

After looking over the ground, I carried the backbone of the Indian to the boat and hung it up in my cabin. Before going to sleep that night I distinctly remember hearing the backbone rasp back and forth on the cabin wall as the boat bucked the rapids; in the morning my souvenir was gone. I strongly suspect that my cabin mate had found the combination of backbone and melancholy scraping too much for him and had dropped the bone into the river.

Early on a bright morning in September the steamer arrived at the Keogh landing, and I was soon at the fort. Gen. Whistler advised me to go at once to the Indian encampment above the fort, where I might get information about Sitting Bull. Calling Capt. Butler, the general requested him to guide me to Crazy Horse's camp and provided the headquarters carriage for our use.

It was 106° by the thermometer at Fort Keogh that morning, but I felt as if it were at least 270° in Crazy Horse's tepee. Apparently the Sioux chief had a mania for saddles; the tepee was full of them, and many were beautiful. He proudly showed me a tremendous bald eagle tethered at the doorway, and then I felt to work to obtain information from him. You can imagine my astonishment when I learned that Sitting Bull and his immediate band of one hundred and twenty-five men had found it wise to surrender and had already left Buford by boat by way of Bismarck for the Standing Rock Agency.

It is one hundred and fifty miles farther by river from Glendive to Bismarck than by rail. I had been told that regular train service from Glendive would start the day I left there, and so I decided to return to Glendive at once by steamer and then try to reach Bismarck ahead of Gen. Sherman, which was hurrying Sitting Bull to that town.

I finally reached Bismarck early one morning, just four hours ahead of the Gen. Sherman. No sooner had the boat tied up at the bank than I was on board and in conversation with the famous scout, Allison. He led me at once into the presence of the old Indian. I was greatly disappointed. Sitting Bull was a very ordinary-looking man—rather below medium height and weighting not more than one hundred and fifty pounds. The general expression of his face was stolid and uninteresting; and although his square jaw betoken tenacity, and his deep-set, intensely black and twinkling eyes indicated intelligent, no one would have suspected him of being the great medicine man of the Sioux or have credited him with the great executive ability that was his.

His costume was far from picturesque, clean or becoming. He had on a shirt that had once been white and trousers of blue blanketing cut with great gaping slits where the pockets should be. For their intrinsic value his moccasins would not have brought ten cents at an auction. His hair, which was jet-black and very long, hung in three braids tightly wound with red flannel. Across his shoulders were four marks, each about four inches long and one inch wide, made with red ochre. No one knew what they indicated; perhaps they were an imitation of an officer's bars. His only ornaments were two brass rings on his fingers and a cheap gutta-percha bracelet on his left wrist.

Scout Allison said that Sitting Bull was forty-seven years old, but

the Indian looked older and had the appearance of a man whose physical health was badly broken.

In an incredibly short time all Bismarck was on the river blank to get a look at Sitting Bull, and most of the men, remembering his part in the Custer tragedy, would have been delighted if there had been an attempt on the old man's life. In spite of that feeling, he was induced to go to the town, where General Manager Haupt of the Northern Pacific Railroad offered him the use of his private car. But no amount of coaxing could induce the cautious old Indian to enter the car; he evidently believed that a snare was being set for him. Yet he was very eager to see the cars go,—he had never seen them before,—and when, with an ear-splitting whistle and a terrific rush of steam, the engine started forward, he gave a deep-drawn grunt of astonishment, which was echoed by all in his party.

An ambulance was next offered to him as a means of conveyance, and in it he started for town. With him went White Dog, Scarlet Thunder, Four Horns, As-high-as-the-clouds, and Petty Plume, Sitting Bull's sister. Under the escort of Scout Allison and the guard they were taken to the main parlor of the Sheridan House, where women and children fought for a chance to see the man who so long had been the terror and scourge of the borderland. When not smoking or passing his pipe, Sitting Bull fanned himself with a huge white feather.

After the "reception" the Indians were taken to the Merchants' Hotel for the one square meal of their lives. Surprising to say, they showed fully as good table manners with knife and fork as would be expected of the ordinary person. But when at the end of the meal a bowl of ice cream was placed before each of them they were at a loss. Gravely reaching a hand into the "much cold stuff," each shifted a portion to his mouth and as it chilled his tongue exploded the monthful in his neighbor's face, leaving him painted in a manner never seen before.

Returning to the steamer, I was introduced to Mrs. Sitting Bull No. 1, who was a fine-looking squaw. I played with Sitting Bull's twin boys, The-war-is-over and The-battle-is-fought. They were dressed in buffalo-hide jackets with the hair side out. Besides those boys Sitting Bull had several other children, among them another pair of twins, Crow Foot and The-child-who-brings-wood-from-the-lodes.

As the steamer made ready to start down the Missouri I handed a card to Sitting Bull. Scout Allison wrote "Sitting Bull" upon it, and the famous Indian imitated the words so carefully with a pencil that it is hard to tell which is the original. As I passed down the gang-plank, Sitting Bull and Scarlet Thunder reached out their hands for a good-by shake, and we exchanged the salutation, "How!"—*Youth's Companion.*

THE PREVENTION AND CURE OF SEASICKNESS.

You sometimes hear a person say that a sharp attack of seasickness is beneficial to the system. That is not so; anyone who has ever been seasick will declare that the malady is an unmitigated evil, and he will readily agree that the man who discovers a sure means of preventing it will deserve all the honor that a grateful world of voyagers will accord him. Yet, although a cure for seasickness seems far off, much can be done to mitigate its horrors.

In the first place the person who is about to sail should live simply for a few days before he goes aboard; he should not worry or fuss with the packing or overeat. Three days before sailing and again on the day before he should take a dose of castor oil or of calomel and follow it the next morning with salts. He should eat plain but nourishing food; no rich seasoning, no pastry and little or no sweets. Sometimes a person can prevent seasickness by taking two or three grains of quinine three times a day for three days before sailing and continuing with the same amount twice a day for the first three days at sea.

All during the voyage there is a tendency to constipation, which must be overcome by a morning dose of effervescent phosphate of sodium or some other non-nauseating saline or perhaps a nightly dose of cascara sagrada. Wearing a wide elastic belt with a thick pad over the stomach is often of service in preventing or relieving sickness. A glass of carbonated water will sometimes relieve nausea or may even cut short an impending attack. In many cases lying flat on the back will bring relief.

The advice that is always given sufferers, "Get out on deck and re-line in a chair," is good if the voyage is to be long and if the sufferer is ambitious to become a seasoned sailor as soon as possible but for the person who simply wishes to get through a short voyage with as little discomfort as possible it is the worst possible counsel.—*Sci*

One way to make people happy is to leave them alone, and let them go about being happy in their own way.

RESERVED FOR THE
Woman's Parish Aid Society of St.
Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes.
JANUARY 15, 1927
Mrs. J. H. McCLUSKEY,
Chairman.

Comic Vaudeville
at
St. Ann's Guild House
511 West 148th Street
Saturday, Nov. 27
at 8:30 P.M.
[Particulars Later]

Bowling Refreshments
DANCE and RECEPTION
OF THE
Hudson County Branch
N. A. D.
for the benefit of
NEW JERSEY AUTO FUND
—AT—
ODD FELLOWS' HALL
Bergen Square, Jersey City
On Saturday, October 16, 1926
Doors Open at 8 P.M.
MUSIC BY OUR FAVORITE
TICKETS - (at door) - 50 CENTS

Direction to Hall:—From New York City
and Newark, take Hudson and Manhattan
Tube to Journal Square, Jersey City and
walk two blocks along Bergen Avenue to
Hall.

HALLOWE'EN SOCIAL
New Games Fine Prizes
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE
LUTHERAN GUILD FOR THE DEAF
—AT—
IMMANUEL HALL
175 South 9th Street Brooklyn, N. Y.
Monday Evening, November 1, 1926
Admission, - - - 35 Cents
(Including Refreshments and Novelties)

COMMITTEE
Walter Weisenstein, Chairman
C. Peterson Ben Ash John Nesgood
Clara Berg K. Christgau
Directions—Take Canarsie or Jamaica train,
get off at Marcy Avenue Station, then
walk down two blocks to Driggs Avenue
near Plaza of Williamsburg Bridge.

ANNUAL BAL MASQUE
TENDERED BY
Silent Athletic Club of
Philadelphia
—AT—
TURNGEMEINDE HALL
Broad Street and Columbia Avenue
PHILADELPHIA
Saturday evening, November 6, 1926

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR
MUSIC BY CASH PRIZES
COLLEGIANS' FOR COSTUMES
COMMITTEE:
Joseph V. Donohue, Chairman
244 W. Lehigh Street
William L. Smith, Secretary
514 Darrish Street
F. J. O'Donnell B. J. McGinley
William Margolis
The
NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSUR-
ANCE COMPANY
Provides for your family and
for yourself with policy con-
tracts not excelled in all the
world.
No discrimination against deaf-
mutes. No charge for medical
examination.
Can You Ask More?
When you think of Savings, go
to a Bank. When you think
of Life Insurance plus savings,
write or see—
MARCUS L. KENNER
Eastern Special Agent
200 West 111th Street, New York.

LOOK LOOK LOOK
HALLOWE'EN PARTY
AND DANCE
Bronx Division, No. 92
National Fraternal Society of the Deaf
TO BE HELD AT
D. A. TURN HALL
412 East 158th Street
Between Elton and Melrose Avenues
BRONX, N. Y.
Saturday Evening, November 6, 1926
AT 7:30 O'CLOCK
ADMISSION, - - - 50 CENTS
Snappers, Pins and Caps Free
ANTHONY RUBANO, Chairman.
Directions—Take Third Ave. "L," or
Subway to 149th St. Station, transfer to
"L," get off at 156th Street Station,
walk two blocks.

PUBLIC UTILITY BONDS
The constant increase in population, the
growth of great cities, the expansion of in-
dustry and the advance of the standards of
human comforts, all these have meant an
expansion in public utility service which
offers an ever widening field for secure and
profitable investment.
The investor, whether an individual,
trustee or society, who seeks permanence in
value and a sure, attractive income, will
find carefully selected public utility bonds
ideal for his purpose.
Connecticut Power & Light Co. 4 1/4% due 1956 96 1/2
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Northern Ohio Power & Light Co. 5 1/4% due 1951 92 1/2
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Ask for descriptive circulars

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM
Investment Bonds
18 West 107th Street
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Correspondent of
LEE HIGGINSON & COMPANY

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Frat
BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23, N. F.
S. D., meets in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the
first Saturday on each month. We of-
fer exceptional provisions in the way of
Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and
unusual social advantages. If interest-
ed write: LOUIS COHEN, Secretary,
125 Pulaski Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Manhattan Division, No. 87
NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY
of the Deaf, meets at the Deaf-Mutes
Union League, 143 West 125th Street,
New York City, first Monday of each
month. For information, write the
Secretary, Max M. Lubin, 22 Post Ave-
nue, Inwood, New York.

Bronx Division, No. 92
Meets at Vasa Castle Hall, 149th Street and
Walton Avenue. Regular business meetings
on the first Monday of each month, at
8 P.M. For information write to Louis C.
Saracine, Secretary, 684 East 136 Street,
Bronx, N. Y.

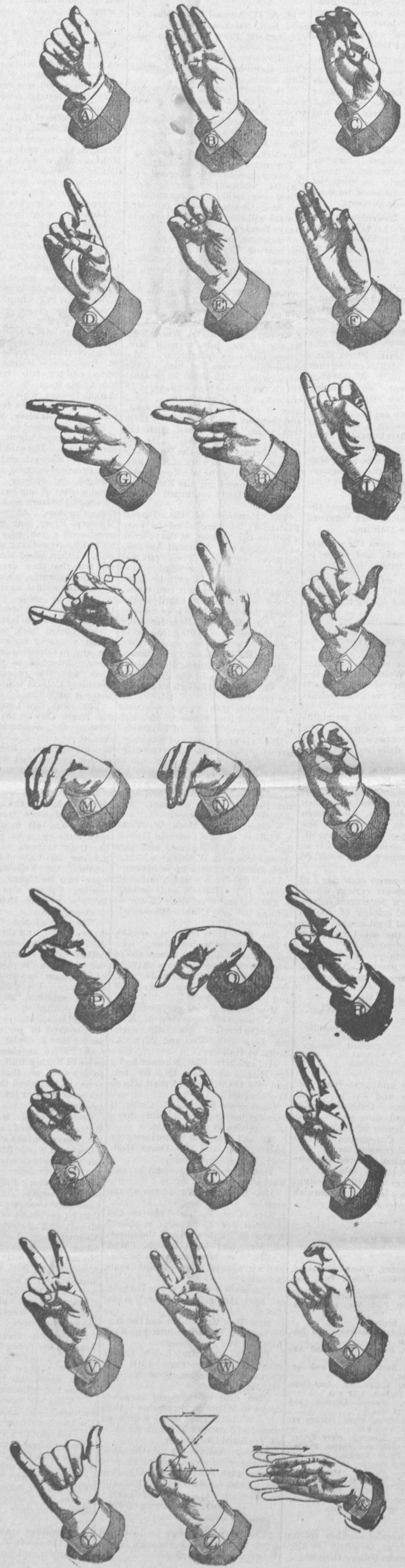
Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.,
143 West 125th St., New York City.
Club Rooms open the year round.
Regular meetings on Second Thursdays
of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors
coming from a distance of over twenty-
five miles welcome. Max Miller, Presi-
dent; Joseph Mortiller, Secretary, 143
West 125th Street, New York City.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB
ORGANIZED 1882
INCORPORATED 1891
Room 307-8, 81 W. VAN BUREN STREET,
CHICAGO
Out-of-town Visitors are welcome to visit
America's Deaf-Mute Premier Club.
Stated Meetings First Saturdays
Wm. A. Heagle, President.
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Literary Circle Fourth Saturdays
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Entertainments, Socials, Receptions
Second and Third Saturdays
Address all communications in care of the
Club. Rooms open: Thursdays, Satur-
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Albert Kroegel (deaf-mute)
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Maker of Flower Badges, Hanging
Baskets, Fancy Centerpieces in All
Colors and Picture Frames, Scroll Saw
ing, Fine Work, Reasonable Prices.
Call and See, or Order by mail.

RESERVED FOR
V. B. G. A.
SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1927.

AMERICAN MANUAL ALPHABET.



FAIR
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE
Woman's Parish Aid Society
Thursday, Friday, Saturday,
November 11, 12, 13, 1926
ALICE E. JUDGE, Chairman

Come One! Come All!
— TO OUR —
PRIZE MASQUERADE BALL
GIVEN UNDER THE AUSPICES OF
The Detroit Chapter
Michigan Association of the Deaf
— AT —
I. O. O. F. Riverside Temple
Hubbard Avenue, Cor. Baker Street
On Saturday, November 13th, 1926
\$50.00 in Prizes for Best Costumes—Most Comical
and Original Masqueraders. **\$50.00**
ADMISSION, 50 CENTS
CHECKING, 10 CENTS
Don't forget to bring your friends Refreshments served at the Hall.
How to get there—Take Baker Street car to Hubbard Avenue.
Dix Avenue car to Hubbard Avenue. Grand Belt car to Dix, Corner
Junction Avenue, four blocks, walk south. Forest car to Hubbard
Avenue, four blocks, walk east. Lafayette Motor Bus to Hubbard
Avenue.
IVAN HEYMANSON, Chairman.

FIRST BIG SOCIAL EVENT OF THE SEASON:
MANHATTAN DIVISION, NO. 87
NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF
MASQUERADE BALL
Odd Fellows' Memorial Hall
Corner Nevins and Schermerhorn Streets, Brooklyn
Saturday Evening, November 20th, 1926
EXCELLENT MUSIC
Cash Prizes for Most Original, Comic, Fancy Costume
ADMISSION—(Including Wardrobe)—ONE DOLLAR
DIRECTIONS: Interborough East or West Side Subway, get off at Nevins
Street. B. M. T. Subway, get off at DeKalb Ave. Station.
COMMITTEE
MOSES W. LOEW, Chairman
ABRAHAM HYMES MARCUS L. KENNER
ARNOLD A. COHN HENRY KURZ

RESERVED FOR THE
Hebrew Association of the Deaf
JANUARY 22, 1927
[FULL PARTICULARS LATER.]
JACK M. EBIN, Chairman
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